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MOTHER EARTH

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

This issue completes the third year of MOTHER EARTH.

They were years of hard struggle, disappointment, suffering, and—triumph. For it is, indeed, a good deal of a triumph for an Anarchist magazine, outspoken and uncompromising, to exist three successive years. It is probably the first time on record that a publication of the character of MOTHER EARTH has achieved such a victory. And the latter is chiefly due to you, friends and sympathizers, who have so faithfully aided our efforts.

We want the moral support of all lovers of Liberty. Would we could exist with that alone! But as it is, we also need money. We therefore remind those of our readers whose subscriptions have expired, to renew at once.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

DURING the three years of its existence this magazine has passed through many vicissitudes. The hand of that twin monster, stupidity and apathy, lies ever heavily upon the New, the Daring in Thought and Action; and Reaction is ever alert to stifle free expression. In this eternal battle of the New against the Old, the young in heart and mind are called upon to make titantic efforts. It is only with the aid of such men and women, thirsting for a better day, that we have been able to hold aloft the banner of liberty, in spite of all hardships and persecution.

Friends, it were a meaningless platitude, unworthy of you and ourselves, to thank you for your loyal support. The cause of liberty is *your* cause, no less than ours; it is the most vital question concerning each one of us. Instead of inane thanks, we bring you the message of a Brighter Future. We sound the joyous tocsin of the Battle —the Battle of Life against all that is dead and dying, and we call you, the children of a nobler time, to renew your efforts, to double your energies, and to accompany us into the *fourth* campaign of our little fighter, MOTHER EARTH, with a spirit more vigorous and hopeful at the dawn of the To-morrow.

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THE guilty conscience of a Christian civilization cannot stand its ugly reflection in the mirror of social misery. When grave evils become so manifest that their existence can no longer be denied, the exploiters of mankind immediately call for their suppression. Prostitution is "abolished" by persecuting the unfortunates of the streets, and making them the helpless prey of grafting police officials. Crime is "prevented" by the gradual or sudden murder of the products of our social and economic iniquities. The constantly growing bread lines in New York and elsewhere have become such a reproach to our "prosperity" that they must now be abolished. From the harlot press down to Mr. Edmund Kelly, Socialist lawyer of Princess de Sagan (née Anna Gould, daughter of that infamous arch-usurer, Jay Gould), re-echoes the cry, "Abolish the bread line!"

Mr. Kelly's scheme is a benevolent colony controlled by the State, a cross between the Salvation Army and

Blackwell's Island. While the press,—well, the newspaper onanists are not overburdened with ideas; they just know that the ragged, shivering bread line must be abolished.

Ye worthy people all, whose tender hearts bleed for the poor! Get off their backs!

* * *

MANY of our radical friends still fondly cherish the belief that we enjoy free speech in this country. It requires some unusually stupid or brutal police invasion to galvanize those well-intentioned mollusks to the degree of co-operating in a protest against the suppression of the freedom of speech and assemblage.

In reality, it is mere mockery to speak of the suppression of something that doesn't exist. What with our immigration laws proscribing certain mental processes; our anti-Anarchist statutes, stamping as criminal the disbelief in organized violence; the official and unofficial Comstocks designing our moral and artistic concepts, and a benevolent government as the supreme arbiter of our destinies,—can any sane man still talk of liberty, freedom of speech, and similar antiquated notions?

Slaves neither have nor need free speech. Such are content with the liberty of entertaining accepted, popular ideas. The crucial test of free speech is the liberty of the protestant, the rebels against things that are. These are never accorded free speech. They fight for it, unceasingly, eternally. For the New defies and challenges the Old. It endangers and undermines the Existing, to finally make room for the Coming.

And Fear never harbors Danger.

* * *

REACTION spreads like wildfire, and tyranny grows on what it feeds. Not only Anarchists, but even good, loyal unionists are made to feel the iron heel of oppression. Organized labor is slowly awakening to the realization that it must fight for its very existence. The political and judicial machinery, ever at the service of monopoly, is doing its utmost to enlighten the workingman as to his true position. If he would but take the lesson to heart and learn from bitter experience. How quickly he would become conscious of his degradation and the hopelessness of his present methods.

Tortuous is the path, but Labor must traverse it to find at last his true savior in himself; to boldly divorce himself from all the powers of darkness that are forever blinding his sight; to declare open war to the system of exploitation that has appropriated his inheritance. To step finally into the arena, inspired by the revolutionary ideal of effort unshackled, and proclaim its emancipation from all masters and grafters.

Shoulder to shoulder, a united and conscious proletariat means free labor. Stop feeding the parasites. Withhold your support from the vampires of politics. The very life of the nation is in your hands. Your economic power is your liberator.

* * *

IN the midst of centennial celebrations of heroes whose successful lives are profitably canvassed as "examples for the youth of the land," it were fitting to remember, at least in these pages, one of the still unsuccessful great, whose giant stature towers far above all popular celebrities—Pierre Joseph Proudhon.*

Some achieve glory by carnage; some grow famous by massacre. Cannon makes heroes. Proudhon's only ammunition were ideas. Ideas grand, inspiring, liberating. He shot arrows of fire into the world of darkness, dispelling, illuminating, revolutionizing. His spirit lights, beacon-like, the road to liberty, pointing the pioneer finger to the shores of a regenerated mankind, its chains of authority broken, freed and rejuvenated by the genius of Anarchy.

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REFLECTIONS

By H. KELLY.

THE New Year always brings with it searchings of heart, reflections of the past, and—more often than not—certain resolutions for the future. Not that one day differs much from another; but a year represents to us a cycle of time, the ending of one period, the beginning of another, arbitrary and man-made if you will, but a period of time none the less. It is as though a man were forty-nine and suddenly became fifty; he is but a few

* Born January 15th, 1809.

hours older than the day before, but there is a significance one cannot quite explain with the ushering in of the new time, and so with the New Year.

Looking back at the year just closed, one is struck, first, by the portentous events that occurred during that time, and, second, by the impossibility of realizing their full significance at this moment. Our perspective is blurred, and time is required to truly appreciate the spirit of 1908.

* * *

Order reigns in Russia, much the same as it did at Warsaw a hundred years ago, but with this difference: Sitting on the safety valve is the prelude to an explosion, and that is the situation. The toll has been heavy, but it is as true now as in Danton's time that revolutions are not made with rose water. Oceans of blood and tears have been shed, and hatred sown in the hearts of millions of human beings to maintain the rule of Nicholas II., but already the Tsar totters upon his tinsel throne; a little more, and he and his will be buried in oblivion as deep as the Bourbons. The past year added new fertilizing material for the coming day by watering the Tree of Liberty with human blood, as Jefferson put it; and while the price is heavy, the reward will be commensurate.

Turkey at last shows signs of awakening, and autocracy in that country, as in Russia, seems doomed. It is inevitable that parliamentary government will furnish its full quota of disappointment, but it is a decided improvement on the undisputed rule of Abdul Hamid, and as such is to be welcomed. The nations of the world are indepted to Turkey for the example of dignity and restraint she has shown in her present crisis. What a contrast to the insanity Great Britain displayed in fighting a handful of Boers, or the spectacle we make of ourselves at a national election when the issues are between tweedledee and tweedledum. We are also indebted to Turkey for the lesson taught us anew of the efficacy of the boycott when rigidly applied. The spontaneous refusal of her people to buy goods from Austria has accomplished more than all the "moral pressure" brought to bear by the powers of Europe; for after much bluff and bluster by Austria about no indemnity, that nation has come to see justice in the demands of Turkey for the loss

of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and has just settled for eleven million dollars. As Anarchists we have no special interest in Turkey's claim of sovereignty over these States, but we have an interest in the method she pursued in fighting for what she believed to be her rights. It is to be hoped the workers of all countries will take to heart the lesson of the Turkish boycott and the Russian General Strike, for with them they are invincible.

Bulgaria proclaims her independence by crowning the assassin and despotic Prince Ferdinand "Tsar." In the turmoil of events evils are inevitable, but as independence is a phase every nation must go through before real freedom is attained, the step must be called progressive, and we have every hope Bulgaria will soon take her place in the revolutionary ranks and assist in the overthrow of capitalism.

Austria has demonstrated once more the truth that national honor, as applied to the ruling classes, does not exist. She breaks solemn treaties at her pleasure, and declines to enter into a conference of nations, except on condition that the legitimacy and high-mindedness of her acts be not questioned. No doubt, the press and parasites in general will continue to stigmatize the acts of Anarchists, Socialists, and anti-Militarists as "un-Austrian," meaning thereby that they are disloyal and dishonest; which, of course, they are, if by that term are meant the ethics of those who rob and murder to protect vested interests.

The situation in Portugal is, from all accounts, as unsettled as before the assassination of the king and crown prince, which, by the way, was done by Republicans and not by Anarchists. Strange how, when such an event happens, or one like the palace plot of Servia a few years ago, all kinds of justifications are ready at hand, and crocodile tears are shed over the wrongs of the people. Regicide is not regicide except under certain conditions. The Republican movement does not seem to have suffered as a result of last year's tragedy, and the present occupant of the throne seems as insecure in his position as his father. Dictator Franco received considerable sympathy over his downfall and was praised as a reformer who fell because he dared to curtail the number of sinecures that grew up under his predecessors. The

praise and sympathy suddenly ceased when it was learned that the money so saved, with the exception of perhaps two or three thousand dollars, was applied to the civil list and was used for the benefit and further extravagance of the royal family.

The Socialist and Anarchist movements in China and Japan continue to make progress and will be heard of more and more as time goes on. Both nations loom large on the horizon of international politics, and it behooves the workers of other countries to bring about a closer friendship with them before the commercial bubble bursts, and we find ourselves at war with Japan over the question as to who shall pluck the Eastern peoples.

Germany's recent scandal is so fresh in the minds of all, it is unnecessary to do more than refer to it. It remains to be seen how much the Kaiser has taken to heart the rebuke of the Reichstag and the mutterings of the people. Like the United States, Germany has a heavy deficit to contend with, which is an accident if you believe in a protective tariff, and a lesson if you are a free trader.

The spirit of anti-Militarism grows apace in France, in spite of the tyranny of Clemenceau, and the revolutionary movement shows no abatement, although strenuous efforts have been made to curb it by the Radical-Socialist Ministry. A spectacle for the gods, truly.

England has had a recrudescence of unemployment, as in the 80's and 90's, and, with it, a revival of revolutionary Socialism. A fact which probably influenced the government far more than the thirty-one labor members to pass the old-age pension law. Just as in New York we have the apostate labor leader, T. V. Powderly, disguising himself and standing in one of the "bread lines," and then urging their abolition because the recipients of a piece of dry bread and a cup of slop coffee are not "honest workingmen," so London has John Burns disguising himself and associating with the downtrodden at night on the Thames embankment, and then declaring them to be loafers and ne'er-do-wells. Verily, man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. There is no more disgusting and contemptible spectacle than those creatures who sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

The closing days of the year brought the greatest single catastrophe the world has probably ever seen. Latest advices from Italy estimate the dead from the earthquake at from 160,000 to 250,000, with the odds in favor of the latter figure. The mind recoils at such a stupendous loss of life in so short a time. Colossal as are its results, the social significance is probably not fully realized by many people. In former times such an event would have been looked upon universally as a visitation of the wrath of God; but times change and with them men's views. Dr. Lyman Abbott, of this city, delivered an exhortation in *The Outlook* in the usual Christian style, urging the stricken people of Italy to be brave and resigned to God, serene in faith, and so on. The New York *Evening Sun,* commenting on this editorially, inquired whether a similar occurrence in New York, with buildings toppling and hundreds of thousands dead and dying all around him, would leave the worthy doctor as serene and steadfast in his faith as he is now, with the scenes of death and terror so far removed.

When a paper, which so accurately represents all that is reactionary in morals, religion, and politics as the *Evening Sun,* can question faith in the deity, it shows progress along one line of thought, at least, by a large section of the people. That is certainly something to congratulate ourselves on. The response of the nations of the world to our stricken brothers and sisters in Italy has been prompt and praiseworthy. It shows, on the one hand, the spirit of solidarity and mutual helpfulness that is in us, and on the other, that the appeal to our emotions and better selves must be sharp and spectacular to evoke those feelings to their utmost.

According to those in charge of the great Tuberculosis Exhibition in New York, one person died every three minutes in the United States last year from this dread disease. This means 175,000 human lives offered up as a sacrifice to this one cause in our Republic during 1908. Yet the Exhibition demonstrates clearly that this dread scourge is due in overwhelming proportion to our present social conditions. Sweatshops, unsanitary tenements, poverty, and ignorance all come from the same source, and all work toward the same end. Time and space forbid us pursuing the subject, but it is an extraordinary

thing that an Italian earthquake every year in every industrial country under the sun, in the shape of tuberculosis, does not awaken the social conscience and cause the nations of the world to stop building sanitariums and then filling them with inmates. Meanwhile exploitation continues with its concomitant evils. How long, O Lord, how long?

The unrest in India continues and has reached such proportions that the British government is trying to placate the people on one hand, and, by the aid of the Sultan of Turkey, trying to prevent any rapprochement between the Mohammedans and the other religious sects. It is the Mohammedans they fear, for they are a fighting people and do not submit easily. Good usually comes as a result of revolutionary agitation, even though not at once apparent, and we have no reason to believe otherwise in this case.

Turning to "our own dear land," as the poet and politician are wont to say, we find much cry, but little wool. The chief events of the year were the election and the report of the Secretary of Agriculture (this came a few days after the New Year). Bryan, the Democrat, and Debs, the Social Democrat, made able—if spectacular—campaigns, with results disappointing to all, except the Anarchists. With the most favorable conditions for propaganda, the Socialists, far from polling a million votes, polled less than half a million, and probably less than one hundred thousand votes more than in 1904. With a panic on in the country for over a year, and millions out of work, discontent with Roosevelt and his party, scandals of such proportions as would shake a throne, a splendid campaigner like Debs, and more money than ever before, the outlook was never more favorable. The results must have been bitterly disappointing to the political Socialists. Already the Socialist movement has become flabby and watery by the influx of clergymen, muck-rake journalists, and descendants of an effete middle class. The outlook for Socialism here is not bright, in spite of the great publicity it has attained, and the process of adulteration will increase, instead of decreasing, as time goes on. We would it were otherwise, but our object is to state what appears to us as facts, and these truths seem self-evident.

The political policy of the American Federation of Labor received such a crushing blow at the polls, it must be assumed it did not represent the opinions of the rank and file. Are they revolutionary or wedded to the old political parties?—that is the sole question. That they are not wedded to Socialism or semi-Socialism, is quite positive. The sentence of Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison, three of the most prominent labor leaders in the country, was to be expected, but the skill with which it was postponed until after election moves us to admiration. Unless President-elect Taft exercises his prerogative of pardon, the chances of Gompers et al. serving their sentences is excellent. Meanwhile the aforesaid leaders have capitulated and withdrawn the boycott, which is a clear victory for capital. Mr. Taft has an excellent opportunity to ingratiate himself in the hearts of Simple Septimus Labor, by pardoning the convicted men, if they promise to be good.

Roosevelt has demonstrated that presidents and kings can lie just like ordinary mortals. After denying indignantly that he intended to appoint certain labor leaders to office as a reward for supporting his creature, Taft, he promptly appointed them immediately after the election.

We are not vitally interested in Roosevelt's quarrel with Congress, or their mutual quarrels. We allways knew that there are dishonest men in Congress, and that Roosevelt is a man devoid of moral sense and decency. The result of the controversy does not surprise us, nor should it have surprised any sane student of political conditions. The growth of the Secret Service and violations of all sense of honor and fair play in the Post Office should not have astonished us; but even we have some illusions yet, and this was one of them. The disregard of personal liberty is indeed disquieting. 1908 saw us robbed of a few more of our precious rights.

Secretary Wilson of the Bureau of Agriculture reports that seven billion seven hundred and seventy-eight million dollars' worth of farm products were produced in the United States during 1908; in other words, about $90.00 per head of the population. Considering that we were in the midst of a panic, with from 30 to 75 per cent. of the members of certain trades out of work during the

larger part of 1908, $90.00 worth of foodstuffs per head is rather considerable. We have seen only partial statistics, but we do not believe the average number of unemployed in the cities and industrial centers at any time during the past year was less than 30 per cent. Formerly we had but one bread line; now we have several in New York City alone. When Judge Gary, one of the heads of the Steel Trust, recently paid a visit with a party of friends to the Bowery Mission, there were some fifteen hundred men in that bread line. The Police captain of the district, a man not too sympathetic to the 'line," said that there were not over 2 per cent. of the "regulars" present. Ninety dollars a year of foodstuffs per head *at the farm,* and bread lines of starving men.

For good or evil, 1908 has faded into the past and left nothing but memories and lessons. All in all, we are inclined to say, Sir, it was a great year!

ON TRIAL

DEAR FRIENDS:

Police brutality and outrages have become such every-day affairs, no one pays the slightest attention to them. We are a novelty-loving people. We like variety: The news of a lynching, one day; an earthquake, the next; a big fire, the third; some sensational murder, the fourth; a prize fight, the fifth; the deportation of an Anarchist, the sixth, and so on, and so forth. Only not one and the same thing two days in succession; that would never satisfy our sensational tastes. Besides, brutality to Anarchists is but true American spirit. "Them foreigners have no business here, anyway; why don't they leave this country?"

However, the police outrage in San Francisco, while common enough, was really unusual in its extraordinary stupidity. It is for this reason that we have taken the trouble to record it at all.

We were charged with "Conspiracy and riot, making unlawful threats to use force and violence, and disturbing the public peace," etc., charges so "grave," indeed, that the Judge felt $16,000 bail for each defendant was but a trifle. But suddenly, four days after our arrest,

these "grave charges" were set aside, and a new charge concocted, that of "unlawful assemblage, denouncing, as unnecessary, all organized government, and preaching Anarchist doctrines." O horrors! On this "wise and dangerous" charge I was put on trial, Dr. Reitman to follow, after I shall have been given a vacation at the expense of the City of the Golden Gate.

I wish I were gifted with the power to describe the performance. The gravity of the Judge; the important air of the District Attorney; the mysteriousness of the detective witnesses for the State; the scared faces of the men called to serve on the jury. Each one anxiously watching the other fellow, lest he might be an Anarchist, which means dynamite and bombs. It was a spectacle for the gods. And then our lawyer, Mr. Ernest E. Kirk, a young and vivacious Californian, with the true Celtic spirit of humor and mischief. How he sweated every venire-man! How he made him sit up and listen. Listen and hear, for the first time in his life, things as they really are, and not what a prostituted press has fed its readers on for years. "What do you know about Anarchism?" "The papers say, it teaches bombs and dynamite." "What do you know about the defendant?" "The papers say, she induces people to kill." The papers, the papers! The only source of information, of knowledge, of the American people. The poisoners of the mind, the corrupters of the human soul. The villifiers and misrepresenters of the truth, America's greatest scourge and pest, the arch-enemies of all that is big and fine and true. If ever the day of judgment should arrive, not in heaven, but here on earth; if ever the forces for and against human regeneration shall meet in open battle, the men of the newspaper profession will be the first ones to face the wrath of an outraged, cheated, defrauded people. It has always been my opinion that the police department is recruited from the most contemptible human material; but my experience in San Francisco has taught me that, compared with the human species which is polluting American journalism, the police are as white and virtuous as the proverbial angels.

It required almost superhuman patience to clear the superstition and rubbish from the minds of a hundred and twenty men, before twelve could be selected as jurors

capable at least of a semblance of fairness. However, it was our good fortune to find in Mr. Kirk not only an earnest and sincere man, but a mental athlete with the tenacity of a bull-dog. Once in his grip, no man escaped until every vestige of cobweb was torn, and he made to see that Anarchism resembled the newspaper stories about as much as the average penny-a-liner resembles the cherubim. We knew, of course, that the evidence gathered by the prosecution was so flimsy and absurd, that even the densest jury would acquit. "Denouncing, as unnecessary, all organized government, and preaching Anarchist doctrines." We pleaded guilty, not only to that, but even to more. We insisted that all government is criminal, destructive of liberty and well-being, and that it must be abolished by every method at our command. But, while the police and the courts of this country have gone beyond the limit in suppressing free speech and press, they could not, by the widest stretch of the imagination (which, by the way, they sorely lack), make it a crime to denounce anything as "unnecessary." Of course, no one can tell to what contemptible measures detectives and prosecuting attorneys would stoop. Because of that, Mr. Kirk's method of examination, of sifting and selecting the jurors, was an admirable one. Besides, our trial was not only for the purpose of vindicating free speech, but also to propagate Anarchism, which, while an alleged crime in a hall, was perfectly legal in the court room, you see. And we did preach Anarchism, every phase of it, more thoroughly and effectively than I could have done in a dozen meetings. This was particularly apparent from the change of attitude of the Judge.

Police Judge Deasy is but two months on the bench. He is therefore still humane, when dealing with the victims of a cold and cruel world. I have watched for four days, when poor, hungry, shivering, body and soul broken humanity was brought before him. Not once did I hear an unkind word, or even a reproach. "What is a man to do, your Honor, when he can find no work, and is hungry? He must beg or steal." "Yes, yes, I know, I do not blame you. I do not think you a criminal. You are only unfortunate." No, dear Judge, it is not even that. It's our damnable economic and social iniquities, our mad world of greed and money and power;

the heartless, bloody mill of commercialism that grinds the dignity and self-respect out of these unfortunates; the system you believe in and maintain, Judge Deasy, is responsible for that horrible panorama that passes you daily. You are a party to it, like the rest of your class, like everyone who is indifferent to the terrible life about him. Fat, self-satisfied, contented, narrow minded, and narrow hearted Philistines.

But the Judge was kind, so he quite won my heart. I should not have cared, were he to send me to prison. He was humane with the victims of an inhuman society.

Of course, when Anarchists were brought before Deasy, he turned to stone, becoming cold and rigid and stern. He, too, had been poisoned by the newspapers. He, too, had read that Anarchists were human beasts, forever thirsting blood and plotting murder. Little wonder that he should be prepared to use his authority to send them where they would no longer disturb the "peace" of the community.

We do not flatter ourselves to have turned Judge Deasy into an Anarchist. That would mean to make him see the criminality of his position. But we did succeed in bringing a little light into his head. Light which will make him realize that the Anarchists are, indeed, dangerous; not because of their dynamite and bombs, but because they threaten every vested interest. Because they do not compromise, because they have declared war on every institution of to-day, based on hypocricy, sham, and the destruction of life and happiness. Yes, Judge Deasy became humane even to the Anarchists. He was really fair, as fair as any one can be in the capacity of a Judge.

And the evidence? A detective who had listened to my lecture for over two hours, and could only remember me saying, "The judiciary and police take your money, that's all they do for you." Pretty good for the memory of a detective, is it not? Further, that the audience was orderly and applauded good-naturedly. That nothing violent or boisterous occurred, and so forth. "Is that all?" asked the Judge.

The prosecuting attorney, the most amusing clown in the circus, became confused, fidgety, and nervous. He finally mastered spunk enough to say, "Your Honor, I want to show that the Industrial Workers of the World

is an Anarchist organization, that the members wear red shirts and neckties." Everybody in the court room leaned forward to look at the jury box. Three jurors wore red neckties. Were they too, I. W. W. members? "But what have red shirts and the I. W. W. organization to do with the defendant Emma Goldman?" asked the Judge. Nobody knew, least of all the poor little District Attorney. He sat down in despair, large drops of perspiration running down his dear little, fat pig's cheeks.

We were disgusted. Here we had prepared ourselves to meet a gladiator, but alas, it turned out a louse.

There was nothing left to do, but to instruct the jury to render a verdict of not guilty. Mr. Cameron King, the partner of Mr. Kirk, delivered a beautiful address, which we hope to publish in the next issue of MOTHER EARTH. His address was intended for the Judge and the jury, but the logic of the law will have it that the twelve men, who have the power to rob one of his freedom, may listen to the prosecution, but must not hear the defence. Can there be more striking proof of the law's stupidity? The jurors were ordered to leave the court room, like little boys and girls are ordered out of the room, when grown-ups are talking about things which good little children must not hear.

Judge Deasy listened attentively, and seemed quite impressed by Mr. King's address. When the latter had finished, the jury was recalled, and the Judge instructed them to render a verdict of not guilty. Within a few minutes the farce was over, the clowns retired, and the circus was cleared. Of course, all other charges against Dr. Reitman and myself were dismissed.

Poor, stupid police. It was not their intention to help the cause of Anarchism to such a victory. But they did it, just the same. In appreciation thereof I suggest that we club together and buy a little dog's collar with red ribbons, for Detective Sergeant Bunner and District Attorney Ward.

Dogs are not so stupid, did you say? Quite right. Only in this case it was really a stroke of genius to arrest us, break up our meeting, and club the people out of the hall. For three reasons. First, my meetings would have been a failure, because of the heavy downpour of rain. (God, in his goodness, seemed to feel that

Frisco's corruption, filth, and rottenness needed a bath. It has been raining for three weeks, and if that won't wash this city clean of its sins, she is doomed to perish). Second, nothing awakens public interest so much as persecution of an idea. Third, our trial furnished us the grandest opportunity to expose the lies and rascality of the American press in general, and the San Francisco newspapers in particular; the latter positively the most rotten in the country. A victory almost worth going to prison for. However, the Anarchists are a discontented sort. That's our greatest forte. There yet remained the reinstatement of free speech, which the police attempted to throttle with the club.

Within two days the largest hall in the city was hired, and a meeting advertised: "Emma Goldman Not Guilty, Monster Reception," etc. Sunday evening, January 31st, two thousand people streamed into the hall, and Emma Goldman spoke with her soul in her mouth.

The police were there, of course; so were our attorney and stenographer, and our dear, energetic bondsman, Cassius V. Cook, all ready to meet the "gentlemen of the force." But whether they had enough of the Anarchists, or whether they did not dare to act, I do not know, nor do I care. I only know that the meeting sealed our victory, and that the police must have felt like whipped curs.

Of course, I am not yet through with the Golden Gate City. I have inflicted myself on her "great hospitality" for the next four weeks. During that time I will deliver the series of lectures which the uniformed ruffians prevented two weeks ago. They have caused us a loss in actual expenses of two hundred dollars, not to mention the regular receipts. Some comrades have suggested that the city be sued. I know they mean well; but they seem to overlook the fact that Satan takes care of his ilk. That it would therefore be a loss of time and money on our part; besides, it were inconsistent to ask the help of the very institution we abhor more than any other —government.

The experience was, of course, costly and trying, but it was worth while, at least to me. It demonstrated the spirit of solidarity on the part of the Anarchists in this city. No matter what their differences, they all acted

as one. It proved the generosity of our Los Angeles comrades, C. J. Sprading and the Foresters, who promptly sent the necessary bail. And, indeed, the solidarity of our comrades and friends all over the country. But the greatest joy to me during the last trouble was the staunchness of a few, who are still very young in our movement. Wm. Buwalda came out of prison December 31st. When he was arrested in connection with our meetings, he was asked why he persisted in associating with such bad people as the Anarchists, or Emma Goldman. Staunch Buwalda, who had faced fire more than once in the service of that insatiable monster, Uncle Sam, waved his jailers aside and proudly declared his right to associate with whomever he pleased. I shall soon acquaint our readers with Buwalda, the man and his character. Meanwhile I ask our friends to join me in a vote of thanks to the military authorities. They have annihilated the soldier, but have given birth to a *man*. Buwalda's "case" was dismissed.

Then there is Dr. Reitman. He has been locked up many times for vagrancy. But so long as a man is not an Anarchist, he is still considered respectable. It is the Doctor's first experience to be arrested for such an awful crime as "denouncing, as unnecessary, all organized government." But he stood his ground handsomely. He is rather disappointed that he missed the chance to swing between two thieves.

Thus Anarchists came out with flying colors, and the police look as stupid as ever, and a little more.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

San Francisco, Feb. 2d.

* * *

PROPAGANDA IN CALIFORNIA

(*Report.*)

ANARCHISM and brains have been very closely associated in the public mind in sunny Southern California of late, for Comrade Emma Goldman has been here, and wherever she goes the mentally alert are sure to take advantage of the opportunity to hear her.

Her series of lectures this year showed a remarkable versatility; in each sphere of thought she assayed to enter,

she displayed her usual originality and remorselessly lashed the gods of public opinion.

From Jan. 2d to Jan. 8th, inclusive, she gave seven lectures in Los Angeles to appreciative audiences ranging from two hundred to six hundred. The questions asked here at the close of each of these lectures not only displayed a lively interest in the subject of Anarchism, but showed *some* knowledge of the subject. I am sorry to report that the same cannot be said of the questions asked at Pasadena or San Diego.

Several of the leading dramatic critics of Los Angeles attended the lectures on "The Devil Exonerated," and "The Drama, the Most Forcible Disseminator of Radicalism," and all were loud in their praise of Miss Goldman as a dramatic scholar.

While each and every one of her lectures here was a treat to those who heard them, in my judgment the one on "The Psychology of Violence" was the best of the course, and one of the ablest lectures I have ever heard.

At Pasadena, the city of millionaires, the meeting was held in the Socialist Hall where about one hundred assembled on the night of January 6th. Many of them came out of curiosity to see and hear "that awful Emma Goldman." It is needless to say that this city of "purity" was horrified by the lecture, "Puritanism, the Greatest Obstacle to Liberty." The only thing that will enable Pasadena to overcome the effects of that lecture is that city's obtuseness.

Stupidity and parsimony will also save San Diego. Here we had splendid interviews in all of the daily papers, and the meetings were held in the best hall in the city, yet our crowds were scarcely over two hundred at each of the three lectures given at San Diego. If people can get rich by saving, San Diego bids fair to become a city of the exclusively rich, for really I have never before in my life seen a place where people hated so to part with "two bits" as the people of dear old San Diego.

CLAUDE RIDDLE.

THE AGITATOR*

By ROLAND D. SAWYER.

Agitation is Liberty.
—*Wendell Phillips.*

I SAT the other night looking at and brooding over a photo of Ward's reproduction of the Neanderthal Man. And I could not but think how far the race has come since that far-off day of perhaps 25,000 years. And when one gets a vision of this low beginning and the long struggle, how poor and foolish seem the schemes of history that were thought out at such cost and labor by the theologians and philosophers. A multitude of facts and forces have entered into the making of this progress. The largest of any, the determining factor has been the economic, as the Socialist points out. But closest to that among the various other influences upon society has been the force of the agitator. Men born with a power to see a little ahead of their fellows, and brave and earnest enough to endure hardship to bring their fellows up to their position. These are the men who come next to the inventors of the wheel, the plow, the steam engine, the electric motor, etc., as the great benefactors of the race.

Born with a spirit of protest that would not be stilled within them, it seems an almost divine dissatisfaction that the Great Heart of the Universe** planted there to draw men higher. Men and women with masterful souls, social outcasts of their days, but yet moving all on toward the better day. Moses and the Hebrew Prophets, Jesus and the Apostles, the Gracchi, Spartacus, Ennius, and then after that long night when the race slept a thousand years comes forth Abelard, to be followed by John Ball, Watt Tyler, Jack Cade, Huss, Münzer, and other pioneers. The four great agitators, Mirabeau, Danton, Robespiere, Marat, who can estimate what the world owes to them? Roger Williams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine, Samuel Adams,

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* This little tribute to the worth of the Agitator was called out by Emma Goldman's "Joys of an Agitator," in Nov. MOTHER EARTH.

**) 'Tis a rather heartless universe.—Ed.

Thomas Jefferson, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Henry George, John P. Altgeld, what a galaxy of names that will shine on history's pages.

Fourier, Marx, Mazzini, St. Simon, Robert Owens, Proudhon, Tolstoy, Kropotkin, great restless souls that revolted against the tyranny of the dead. And to-day it is a Debs who revolts against political insufficiency; a Darrow who challenges the fetich of the law; a Campbell who recasts theology; a Hodge who shows his brother-doctors the murderous practice of vaccination; and Jack London, Charles Edward Russell, Edwin Markham, Upton Sinclair, and their like who use it for real agitation.

Of course, Roosevelt will rise up and call these men undesirable citizens; the Roosevelts in all ages have done this. But the revolution is always on. Agitators are the saviors of society, and just so sure as the pathway of mankind is upward, just so sure is it impossible to still them. Incessant agitation is the demand of this day, as of all days. Poor humanity struggles under the load of dead and outgrown institutions and customs. Traditions, fashions, precedents, established orders, superstitions, fetiches, taboos, all of these are passed down to us—and the cry is for agitators.

Only the other day a New York paper, commenting on Tolstoy's birthday, said, as though it were a great discovery, "Not as a writer, but as a social, political, and religious agitator will Tolstoy's influence be most lasting." Of course it will; the deathless names in literature are to be the great moral teachers and prophets, Shelley, Whitman, Morris, Emerson, Thoreau, Zola, Tolstoy—men who were not merely little pretty jinglers of "belles-letters," but red-blooded men who used literature as a medium of agitation. Men and women, let us join this immortal band of the muck rakers, apostles of discontent, agitators against the smug contentment and hypocritical cant of the established order. Let us cast in our little effort with the pioneers who cry for economic, religious, social, political, and moral freedom.

THE COALITION AGAINST ANARCHISTS

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

THE warfare against Anarchism has entered a new phase. Theodore Roosevelt's most passionate wish is at last realized. The municipal and State pillars have joined hands with the Federal authorities to give the death blow to the hated enemy. In this laudable effort they are cheerfully aided by Socialist speakers and writers.

The failure to achieve, single-handed, the desired end is now to be remedied by joint action.

So far, every policeman in and out of uniform felt himself justified to misrepresent and maltreat us. This method indeed called for many victims from our midst, yet it proved a complete failure. Instead of annihilating the Anarchist movement,—the chief aim of our persecutors,—these tactics resulted but in inspiring our efforts with greater energy and intensity.

Blind as the Bourbons, who neither learned nor forgot, our rulers now endeavor to conduct their warfare against Anarchism along more concentrated, i. e., imperialistic, lines.

Let us consider for a moment to what extent our enemies are permitting themselves to go.

Our press is hourly threatened by the Postal censorship. Thus *Nihil,* at San Francisco, *Freiheit, Volné Listy,* and *Sorgiamo,* published at New York, are every now and then confiscated by the Postal Department, that is to say, refused transmission through the mails. *La Questione Sociale,* the Paterson, N. J., publication, was entirely suppressed by order of the President.

Freedom of speech and assembly has long since ceased to exist *for us.* Proprietors of halls refuse us their meeting rooms, fearing to disobey police orders on the pain of losing their licenses or other privileges. If an occasional hall manager dares to assert his rights and ignores the police ukase, then the audiences are almost invariably clubbed out of the hall with night sticks, as has repeatedly happened in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and now in San Francisco. And when an Anarchist meeting is, once in a while, suffered to take place, the police ruffians endeavor their utmost to provoke a riot. On such occasions young men and women

are brutally treated and insulted in every conceivable way. I have even seen these guardians of the peace hold lighted matches to newspapers, trying to create a panic in the crowded hall.

It were difficult to conceive what thoughts and emotions are roused by such police methods in the young revolutionists, recent arrivals from Russia, many of whom have fought heroic battles in their native land and stood perchance behind the barricades. What must such men think of this glorious land of Liberty? Can it be wondered at that such brutality of the representatives of the law incites men to deeds of desperation.

No tactics are too despicable to use against Anarchists. Thus, the trial of two comrades is about to take place at Trenton, N. J., charged by a notoriety-seeking New York detective with attempted robbery. The comrades referred to were passing along the street, in search of work, when they were suddenly pounced upon by detectives and accused of the alleged intention to rob an old woman. The detective responsible for these arbitrary arrests is a member of the "Anarchist Squad," whose sole ambition is to win promotion, no matter at what cost. And what better way than by preying upon Anarchists?

A new form of persecution is now being added to the former well-known methods; its source is at Washington, and it consists in the attempt to deprive the most prominent Anarchists of their citizenship in order ultimately to deport them from the country. We are aware of several such attempts, the latest being the case of Alexander Horr, of San Francisco. This comrade was arrested by the police of that city for addressing a street audience. Subsequently outrageously maltreated, he was delivered into the hands of the Federal authorities, who are now endeavoring to deprive Horr of his citizenship on the trumped-up charge of having procured his papers by fraud.

Various other arrests of comrades were recently made in San Francisco, culminating in the suppression of all Anarchist meetings to be addressed by Comrade Emma Goldman. At the moment when the Victory Theatre was filled with a large audience, awaiting the arrival of the speaker, the police invaded the hall and mercilessly clubbed the assembled men and women out into the

streets. At the same time Emma Goldman and Dr. Reitman, about to enter the theatre, were arrested, as well as Wm. Buwalda, the latter for courageously protesting against the police outrage.

The guardians of San Francisco have combined with the State and Federal authorities to "exterminate Anarchism." The first battle has been fought. But—*horribe dictu*—the holy alliance has suffered a miserable defeat. They have failed to railroad our friends to prison. The idiotic charge of "conspiracy to rout" proved too much even for the patriotic jury, which returned a verdict of acquittal. It was, indeed, fortunate that our comrades succeeded in taking the case out of the hands of a magistrate and bringing it before a jury. It served to expose the real conspirators: the alleged guardians of law and order.

It is not to be expected that the authorities will remain content with this result. They will continue to "exterminate Anarchism." History might enlighten them as to the probability of success. As to ourselves, we will continue the fight for Anarchism with renewed energy and vigor.

True, we by no means deceive ourselves as to the real situation. We know but too well that in this great struggle we stand almost alone. There is, indeed, a considerable number of men and women in this country who are willing to champion free speech and press, among these lately even Mr. Pulitzer. But these elements mean nothing more than the freedom of speech and press *for themselves*—never for Anarchists.

Our intellectuals, if such there be in this country, are too cautiously respectable and fear to compromise their social position by public protest against discrimination and persecution of Anarchists. They admire the courage of an Anatole France for bravely taking the stand on the side of even persecuted Anarchists. Indeed, they admire him—at a safe distance. But the wings of their admiration are too badly crippled to permit their soaring to the height of following the noble example. They remind one of the Missouri schoolma'am going into ecstasies over the freedom of Parisian life, but who, on returning to her native land, is dutifully shocked by things smacking of that freedom.

Our publicists are sold body and soul to Mammon.

But few exceptions among them, like Wm. Marion Reedy and Louis F. Post, still have the courage to say that Anarchists are not to be regarded as every man's prey.

Least of all can we expect support in the battle for free speech and press from the Socialist side. Indeed, our step-brothers are often even worse than the masters. While the latter content themselves with persecuting us, the former never lose the opportunity to heap slander upon our heads.

To illustrate:

While our comrades were waging their difficult fight at San Francisco, there took place in New York a Socialist free speech meeting to protest against the decisions in the cases of Pouren, Gompers, etc.

Chairman James G. Kanely, in formally opening the meeting said that the audience had come, "not only to protest against the actions of the official Anarchists who occupied public positions, but also to warn them that the working class was awakening."

The practice of identifying the exploiting masters with Anarchists has of late grown very popular with Socialists. Their evident purpose is to discredit Anarchists in the eyes of the public. The mantle of ignorance cannot cover their slanders; the Socialists do it against their better knowledge. But they think it good policy to misrepresent us. What would be the astonishment of their dupes, however, were they to learn of the friendly terms on which European Socialists often co-operate with Anarchists, especially in similar cases, where free speech is at stake.

Thus Robert Hunter generously eulogizes his French comrade, Gustave Hervé, apparently quite oblivious to the fact that Hervé fights shoulder to shoulder with the French Anarchists. Another party man, who supplies the Socialist press with you-stand-up-to-pay-for-sitting-down articles (thus competing, in a highly unprofessional manner, with the Johnsons and Dunnes), recently felt his spirit moved to besmirch the character of the late Justus Schwab, whom he characterized as an unkempt, dirty bravado-Anarchist. Just think of a Socialist thus writing of Justus Schwab, one of the founders of the Socialist Party in America, and whose memory such men as Alex-

ander Jonas and John Swinton honored with the highest eulogies.

Of course, the Socialist Left, these exclusive Knights of the Holy Marxian Grail, do not lag in the procession of calumny. At critical moments their leader, Daniel De Leon, never fails, as in the present San Francisco case, to deal out a few asinine kicks. Daniel is angry. He fears Emma Goldman might get too much free advertising. Of course, no such danger threatens our Daniel, for he is a modest man.

Thus all these great men, however bitter their personal differences, always strike the same chord, "Down with the Anarchists!"

Yet it is just possible, however, that the alliance of the Roosevelts, Socialists, and other cockroaches will not disturb the even tenor of our ways.

TRUE FREEDOM

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AN ORIGINAL THOUGHT

By MARGARET HUNTER SCOTT.

THE capitalist gazed at the setting sun, his face strangely illumined, his body unusually erect. What fantastic notion was this struggling to possess him? A plan to uplift the helpless and forlorn, to revolutionize the lives of the overworked and underpaid, to work out his own salvation! Clear, succinct, it shaped itself, springing from he knew not where. With his wealth he could direct it to a triumphant conclusion.

"Shall I do it?" he whispered. "It is so plain, so noble! The stigma of living only to amass great wealth will be wiped out, forgotten. But it means hard work, the elimination of certain dearly loved luxuries, countless misunderstandings, mixing with the people—the people—ah!"

He stopped suddenly, and, sinking into a chair, ceased from mental exertion, while the sun slowly dropped below the level of the distant trees.

. . . . . .

He read the report of the money market, and heaved a sigh of relief as he felt the firm earth once more below his feet. "What a fool I am," he muttered, with an apprehensive stare into the dark corners of the room. "I'll soon need a keeper, if this goes on!"

A generous impulse had almost stirred to life the dust of his ancient brain. An original idea had succeeded in penetrating that crumbling edifice. Such a thing had not happened since his callow youth. *An original thought!* It scared him half to death.

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FREE SPEECH DEFENCE FUND

IMMEDIATELY upon hearing of the San Francisco police outrage, a committee was organized in New York to secure financial assistance for our arrested comrades. Steps were at once taken to raise the necessary bail, $16,000 cash. Our efforts met a ready response on the part of those of our friends who were in a postion to help; but, unfortunately, their name is by no means legion.

However, the extravagantly high bail was soon reduced, the comrades of Los Angeles and San Francisco

supplying the same. Then we issued an appeal to our sympathizers to raise a Defence Fund. It is gratifying to state that our friends did not fail to promptly attest their solidarity with the victims of governmental persecution.

Below will be found a list of those who sent their contributions to the office of MOTHER EARTH. The contributions sent directly to Comrade Goldman, together with a full account of the receipts and expenditures of the Defence Fund will appear in our next issue.

We must, however, call the attention of our friends to this very important circumstance: Though our comrades have been acquitted, the necessity for the Defence Fund still remains. The long-drawn out trial, lasting over a week, involved great expense, not to mention the loss MOTHER EARTH sustained through the suppression of the lectures arranged for San Francisco. We have a very considerable deficit, and we urge our friends to help us liquidate the same.

DEFENCE FUND CONTRIBUTIONS.

P. Kutschan, New York	$25.00
J. Fedor, New York	5.00
B. Szadkowski, New York	1.00
Vinco Fack, New York	5.00
A. Lahm, New York	5.00
J. Toth, New York	5.00
L. Pinceau, New York	2.00
Alden Freeman, East Orange, N. J	10.00
D. Bouquet, New York	1.00
Joe Bouquet, New York	1.00
M. Clair, New York	2.00
Dr. E. Robbins, Brooklyn, N. Y	3.00
M. Zaslaw, Brooklyn, N. Y	2.00
Voltairine de Cleyre, Phila., Pa	5.00
N. Notkin, Phila., Pa	2.00
A. Lott, New York	5.00
Tania Gelfenbein, New York	.50
L. Furman, New York	.50
A. T. Heist, New York	75.00
David Rousseau, Ossining, N. Y	1.00
Abe Isaak, Jr., New York	2.00
Int. Arb. Bildungs-Verein, New Brunswick, N. J	1.00
M. Heiman, Paterson, N. J	.25
Comrade Craville, New York	.50
H. Bool, Cocoanut Grove, Fla	10.00
Total	$169.75

THE N. Y. COMMITTEE,
Per Alexander Berkman.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

GERMANY.

The Anarchists of Germany are making extensive preparations for a national conference. The latter, it is expected, will prove of great benefit to the movement, because of the important matters to be discussed. The Anarchist Federation organized at Mannheim is to make its first report to the conference, and further ways and means are to be promulgated for the greater spread of the Anarchist ideas.

BELGIUM.

The ghost of Neo-Malthusianism is stalking before the eyes of the Belgian authorities. They fear that the spread of the idea would result in a lack of supply in the child labor market. To call a halt to the threatening peril, the government called into being a life-saving scheme, by inviting Dr. Mascaut, President of the Neo-Malthusian League, to enjoy the hospitality of the State for the duration of three months. In addition, the Doctor will have to recoup the government to the extent of three thousand francs, as well as sacrifice all his civil rights for the next five years.

The League is arranging great protest meetings to properly castigate this governmental outrage.

FRANCE.

The French proletariat has once more triumphed over the Socialist-Radical régime of Clemenceau. The government was forced to release the leaders arrested during the strike of Vileneuve; moreover, the syndicalists still remaining in prison have now been amnestied.

The threat of a General Strike sufficed to bring the government to terms. The Confédération Générale du Travail, having organized protest meetings throughout the land, with the object of calling a General Strike, the authorities felt themselves "inspired" to take quick action, and our comrades were speedily released.

* * *

One of the chief things attracting the attention of French syndicalists at present is the establishment of a daily revolutionary syndicalist paper. They have great hopes of being able to start one either this month or next.

In justification of this, they point out the evil influence on the movement by having only the political papers. They find, for instance, that the Socialist sheet of Jaurès, *L'Humanité*, is beginning to attempt to guide and control the workers, and it is necessary for the revolutionaries to have a daily paper devoted entirely to expressing the views of the militant syndicalists, as in opposition to the humiliating and opportunist tactics of the Socialist politicians.

* * *

The situation in France is very interesting and instructive to those who want to see where the way to progress lies.

Leading politicians, like M. Clemenceau in his recent speech to the electors in the Var, tell the people that the moment is ill chosen to preach anti-militarism. A war might break out any minute in fermenting Europe, they say, and the country would need its army more than ever. Wait with your propaganda until the situation is calmer.

And so the comedy will go on forever! As long as the nations will keep in arms, growling at one another, the moment will always be inopportune to preach anti-militarism. This is a kind of vicious reasoning which may satisfy those who are willing to be led by disguised bourgeois. But we, who really desire peace, will do well to keep on preaching anti-militarism *always.*

PORTUGAL.

In Lisbon recently took place a monster mass meeting, for the purpose of demanding the release of the comrades imprisoned in connection with the strike at Alcala del Valle. The brutal methods practised by the Spanish government toward our comrades were especially condemned in a most energetic manner.

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A very good Anarchist magazine is now published by our Portuguese comrades, called *A sementiera.* We recommend this review to all readers of Portuguese. Address: 44 rua das Salgadieros, Lisbon, Portugal.

* * *

The Anarchist weekly *A Vida* is again being issued at Porto.

ITALY.

The Anarchist movement has sustained a great loss in the death of comrade Fortunato Serantoni, at Florence. Our comrade was one of the most prominent champions in the cause of the international proletariat; as editor and collaborator of various Anarchist papers, he accomplished very effective propaganda. It was natural that Fortunato Serantoni should have to suffer great persecution for his participation in revolutionary work at the hands of the Italian, French, Spanish, and Argentine governments.

* * *

The Federation of the Revolutionary Unions has organized a National Congress of the unions adhering to the tactics of direct action. The Committee of the Ligurian Federation has communicated to the Italian comrades, by means of the journal *L'Internazionale,* that the unions of Parma, Bologne, Plaisance, Ferrare, Brecia, the revolutionary organizations of Ligura, of the province of Modene, and other important workers' centres, have already sent in their adherence. The government has arrested the energetic secretary of the committee, Comrade Ugo Nanni.

There is a widening breach between the reformists and the revolutionaries. The revolutionary workers are shaking off the yoke of the politicians. They are leaving the Confederation General of Labor, which is largely under the control of the Socialist deputies, and constituting independent revolutionary unions and federations, like those mentioned above.

BOHEMIA.

The comrades of Bohemia are preparing to hold a national conference, in which will be represented members from all the groups, organizations, and the Anarchist press. The main objects of the conference will be to devise means for more systematic work against the persecution of the government, as well as to terminate the occasional unpleasant inner friction. It is owing to the latter that Ladislav Knotek, who has sacrificed his fortune, time, and energy in the cause, has left, in disgust, the editorship of *Zadruha.* His place is now occupied by Stan K. Neumann, one of the ablest men in the Bohemian movement.

The Anarchist paper *Proletar,* published by the miners, is now appearing weekly. The publication is battling against great obstacles. One of its editors, L. Brunclik, was recently killed by the police in the prison at Liberec.

HUNGARY.

Owing to the war clouds gathering on the Austro-Hungarian horizon, in consequence of the annexation of Herzegovina and Bosnia, our comrades raised very energetic protests in their paper, *Tarsadalmi Forradalom.* They urged the soldiers to refuse service, in order to prevent inevitable wholesale massacres. This paper, as well as proclamations of similar character which had been posted all over the city, were destroyed by the authorities. Sixty-eight comrades, signers of the proclamation, were arrested.

RUSSIA.

During the Russian year just ended, according to statistics published in St. Petersburg, 1,957 persons were sentenced to death in the Empire, and 782 executed. The largest number of executions was in Warsaw and Kiev, being more than 150 in each place, while in Yekaterinoslav 100 were put to death. Sixty-three newspapers were suppressed in the Empire, and others fined $53,000.

* * *

The revolutionist Vassilev, whom the Swiss government extradited to Russia, has been sentenced at Pensa to ten years' hard labor and deprived of all civil rights. Thus the Republic is acting as the executioner of the bloody Tsar. Our own "free country" is just now also in danger of playing a similar rôle if Jan Pouren is not freed.

* * *

The central committee of the Russian Socialist Revolutionary party, in session at Paris, announced that, after a full inquiry, Azef, the head of the fighting organization of the party, has been convicted as being the paid agent of the secret police. It is understood that Azef received a salary of $7,400 from the secret police, according to the committee, and authority to participate in all plots except those against the Tsar or Premier Stolypin, which he undertook to smother at their inception.

Books to be had through MOTHER EARTH

210 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK.

Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Peter Kropotkin ..... **50c.**

Conquest of Bread. By Peter Kropotkin..... **$1.00**

Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. Reduced to..... **$1.60**

Ideals of Russian Literature. By Peter Kropotkin.. **$2.00**

Mutual Aid. By Peter Kropotkin..... **$2.00**

The State: Its Rôle in History. By Peter Kropotkin..... **10c.**

An Appeal to the Young. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

Law and Authority. An Anarchist Essay. By Peter Kropotkin ..... **10c.**

War. By Peter Kropotkin.....**5c.**

The Basis of Trade Unionism. By Emile Pouget.... **5c.**

Evolution and Revolution. By Elisée Reclus..... **5c.**

History of the French Revolution. By C. L. James **$1.00**

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